

LEO BURNETT COMPANY, Inc.  
Ad No. 335—Mag. No. 17290—2/3 page—B&W—4 1/2 x 10 in.—The Poster—January 22, 1963 (C)



## THE TRUE AND TRAGIC TALE OF HAPPY JACK SIGAFOOS

Who would have thought that Happy Jack Sigafoss, the boy the sky never

ble of crime?

Certainly there was no sign of it in his

boyhood. His home life was tranquil and

uplifting. His mother was a nice fat lady

who hummed a lot and gave baskets to

the poor. His father was a respected citi-

zen who could imitate more than 400

bird calls and once saved an elderly widow

from drowning in his good suit. (That is,

Mr. Sigafoss was in his good suit; the

elderly widow was in swimming trunks.)

Happy Jack's life was nothing short of

idyllic—all he went off to college.

Here Happy Jack quickly became a

typical freshman—tweedy, weedy, and

needy. He learned the joys of rounding

out his personality, and he learned like dew

before the morning sun. There were times,

it grows me to report, when he didn't

even have enough money for

a pack of Marlboro Cigs—

retten—and you know how

unbearable that can be! To be

deprived of Marlboro's

matchless flavor, its easy-

drawing filter, its subtly

blended tastiness, its re-

freshing mildness, its in-

table excellence, its soft pack

or flip-top box—why, it is a

prospect to break the heart

in twain!

Marlboroless and miser-

He gave Jack the list of beautifully clever  
lies, Jack read:  
1. A bunch of us fellows are getting  
together to buy a new house for the Mean  
of Mean.  
2. A bunch of us fellows are getting  
together to buy a handsome fur Rover,  
our late beloved dormitory watchdog.  
3. A bunch of us fellows are getting  
together to endow a chair of European Art.  
4. A bunch of us fellows are getting  
together to build our own particle accel-

erator.  
For a moment poor Jack was tempted!

surely his father could not but suspect  
all these fraudulent causes. Then Jack's  
good upbringing came to the fore. He  
turned to the sinister sophomores and  
said, "No, thank you. I could not deceive  
my aged parent so. And as for you, sir, I

can only say—be!"

Upon hearing this the sinister sopho-



more broke into a huge grin. He whipped  
off his black hat and party face—and  
who do you think it was? None other  
than Mr. Sigafoss, Happy Jack's father.  
"Good lad!" cried Mr. Sigafoss. "You  
have passed your test brilliantly." With  
dollars in small bills and a red convertible  
containing power steering and four mobile  
studens.

Crime does not pay! © 1963 Leo Burnett

Money and girls haven't changed Happy Jack. Except for  
the minor bulge in his cashmere jacket caused by (1) a pack  
of Marlboro and (2) a box of Marlboro, he's the same old

Sigafoss.



2061033569